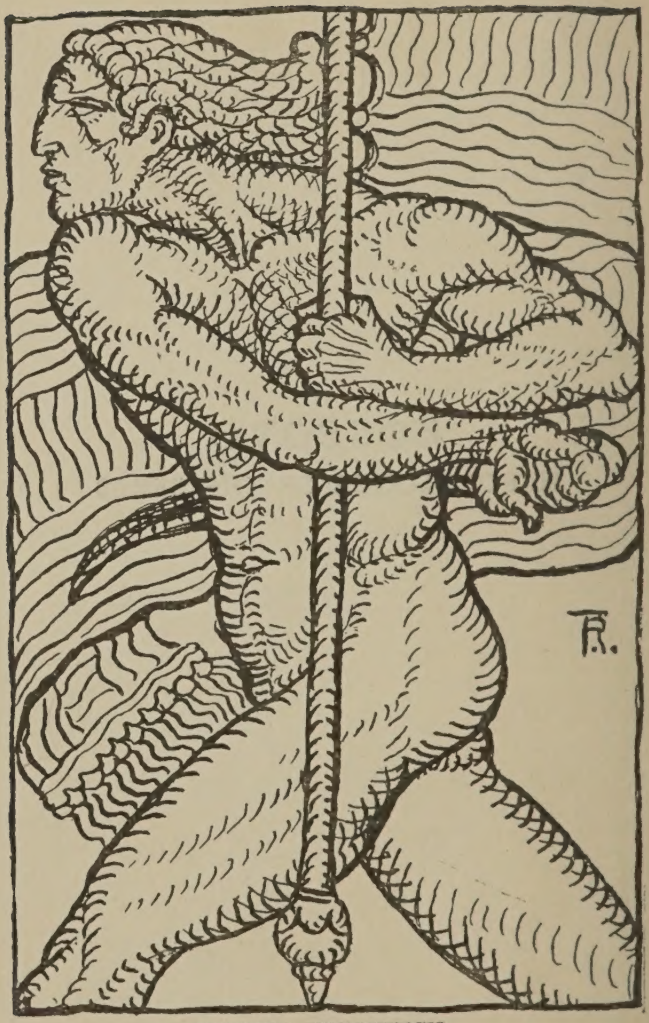
# KOSSOVO

## HEROIC SONGS OF THE SERBS



BOSHKO JUGOVITCH

# KOSSOVO

## HEROIC SONGS OF THE SERBS

Translated from the Original by
HELEN ROOTHAM

Introduction by
MAURICE BARING

Historical Preface by
JANKO LAVRIN

Frontispiece by
TOMA ROSANDIĆ

OXFORD
B. H. BLACKWELL, BROAD STREET
1920

891.8
930

# INTRODUCTION

By Maurice Baring

I have been asked by Miss Rootham to write a few words of introduction to her translation of some of the Epic Songs of Serbia. No sooner had I read them than I realised what I had already suspected, that the poems speak for themselves and need no introduction.

They have that quality which is common to all great epic poetry; the quality we find in the Iliad and the Odyssey, in the "Chanson de Roland" and in the "Word of the Fight of the Prince Igor," in the Bible, in Villon, and in some of the very great poets when they are sufficiently inspired to forget when their "style" disappears that they are poets. It is a quality which arises from the natural and direct observation of life by man.

The writers of these ballads saw the world with the eyes of a child and with the heart of man, as it is shaped by life.

The similes used are such that any worker in the fields would understand and recognise.

> "Like a cloud their battle-standards streaming
> And their tents stretched like the snow in winter."
>
> "If the gentle rain should fall from heaven,
> Not one inch of ground could then receive it."
>
> "And he threw the Turks into disorder
> As the falcon strikes the homing pigeons."



429

It is very seldom that modern poets succeed in achieving what Monsieur Anatole France calls " ces traits de nature qu'on dit le comble de l'art quand l'art a le bonheur de les trouver."

In the Slav literature these happy moments occur more often. Pushkin, thanks to his genius and to his old nurse, succeeded in catching in his fairy tales and sometimes in his poems the authentic *Volkston*, and a line such as

" I mor'yé gdye bezhali korabli "

might have come out of these ballads.

Translate the line (and this is always the trouble in translating epic speech from one language into another), and you get a bald statement of fact,

" And the ships flying upon the sea."

In the original, the words are simple to nakedness but they are not bald, and they call up the picture like magic: they are the last word of felicity. Compare this with the treatment of a similar impression by a great poet who has not the gift of epic simplicity, and you will at once see the difference.

Tennyson—and Swinburne quotes the line as being a signal example of Tennyson's miraculous gift of evoking landscape—says :

" And white sails flying on a yellow sea."

But Pushkin reaches a higher, a more magical effect without the aid of epithet or colour.

And so it is in these ballads. The colours are primitive like those of the primitive painters who painted the holy figures because they believed in

them, and not because they wanted to make an arrangement of line and colour. The similes are taken from a first-hand communion with the sights and facts of nature. The emotions are the primitive emotions of man, "Not sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." But the mention of the emotions leads us to the second fundamental characteristic of these ballads: to the soul of them which differs from that of Grecian epics, and which is more akin to the "Chanson de Roland," to the *Gestes* of the mediæval knights, and to the Celtic epics, but which has a quality and savour which is entirely its own and entirely Slav.

The soul of these ballads is saturated with Christian faith, the faith of the crusaders, of the Morte d'Arthur of Villon; the faith of the *gracieux galans* who stormed Jerusalem with young Lord Raymond. The "Ballad of the Fall of the Serbian Empire" gives us the key-note of all this song.

A message comes from Jerusalem to the King:—

"Say, dost thou desire a heav'nly kingdom,
Or dost thou prefer an earthly kingdom?
If thou should'st now choose an earthly kingdom,
Knights may girdle swords and saddle horses,
Tighten saddle-girths and ride to battle,—
You will fight the Turks and crush their army.
But if thou prefer a heav'nly kingdom,
Build thyself a church upon Kossovo,
Let not the foundations be of marble,
Let them be of samite and of scarlet. . . .
And to all thy warriors and their leaders,
Thou shalt give the sacraments and orders,
For thy army will most surely perish,
And thou, too, wilt perish with thine army."

And the king chose the Heavenly Kingdom, built the Church, and went out to battle—and fell.

These ballads sing the lost cause; the foredoomed loyalty; the cause which is lost on earth but which triumphs in another world. The warriors go to war certain beforehand of defeat, but they fight to the last man nevertheless, certain of victory in defeat.

This is where these ballads remind us of the Celtic epics.

"They went out to battle, but they always fell."

Such is the burden of the Irish epics. It is a proud and triumphant burden like the music of a funeral march, which however piercing its melancholy, however poignant its sadness, soars nevertheless in triumph above the vain and transitory triumphs of the world.

But the grief is great, the anguish complete; great and complete enough to break the hearts of those who are not killed in battle: the mothers, the wives, the sisters.

"And the mother's heart swelled big with anguish,
Swelled the mother's heart and broke with sorrow—
For her dead, the Jugovitch,—nine brothers,
And the tenth, the Jug Bogdan, their father."

In reading this we seem to look upon those tremendous blocks of living stone in which Mestrovitch has written the sorrow of Serbia; the undying sorrow, the unspeakable anguish, the certainty of victory in defeat; never so great as now, and never so triumphant.

*July*, 1919.

# HISTORICAL PREFACE

By Janko Lavrin

## I

It is now about a hundred years since the Serbian philologist, Vuk Karadjich, published his first collection of Serbian folk-songs, revealing their originality and beauty to literary Europe. The charm of these simple and powerful poems was so great that in the very beginning they aroused genuine enthusiasm wherever they penetrated. Poets, folk-lorists, savants —all found reasons enough to study and enjoy them. One of their greatest admirers, Jacob Grimm, asserted that "since the days of Homer, one could say, in the whole of Europe there was not a single phenomenon which would make us understand the essence, as well as the genesis, of epics, to such an extent as they (*i.e.*, the Serbian folk-songs) do." Goethe himself wrote on several occasions about the character of these poems (in his *Kunst und Altertum*), and, during a conversation with Eckermann, he once ventured to compare the beauty of some examples to that of the Song of Songs.

With the vogue of Romanticism the interest for Serbian folk-epics grew all over Europe; translations, imitations, mystifications (for instance, *La Gouzla*,

by Prosper Mérimée), as well as paraphrases, appeared almost in all European languages,[1] gaining more and more admiration for the poetical genius of the Serbian peasantry. The high appreciation of this utterly fresh and naïve genius may be sufficiently illustrated by quoting some passages of the well-known German translator of the Serbian songs, Miss Talvj (Therese von Jacob, later Mrs. Robinson). In her English work, *Historical View of the Languages and Literature of the Slavonic Nations* (New York, MDCCCL), she writes: "All that the other Slav nations, or the Germans, the Scotch, and the Spaniards, possess of popular poetry, can at the utmost be compared with the lyrical part of the Serbian songs, called by them *female* songs, because they are sung only by females and youths; but the long epic extemporised compositions, by which a peasant bard, sitting in a large circle of other peasants, in unpremeditated but perfectly regular and harmonious verse, celebrates the heroic deeds of their ancestors or contemporaries, has no parallel in the whole of history since the days of Homer." And, again, "Indeed, what epic popular poetry is, how it is produced and propagated, what powers of invention it naturally exhibits,—powers which no art can command,—we may learn from this multitude of simple legends and fables. The Serbians stand in this respect quite isolated; there is no modern nation that can be compared to them in epic productiveness; and a new light seems to be thrown over the grand

[1] The first English translation of selected Serbian songs, by John Bowring, was published in 1827.

compositions of the ancients. Thus, without presumption, we may pronounce the publication of these poems one of the most remarkable literary events in modern times. . . ."

It would lead too far to quote the opinions on this subject of other important authorities, such as the great Polish poet Adam Mickiewicz, the Russian scholar Pypin, the Italian writer, poet, and savant Nicolo Tomaseo, etc. But common to all of them is the fact that they give to the Serbian folk-poetry one of the foremost places among the poetry of all nations.

## II

The chief reason for such an appreciation was, first of all, the high quality of the songs themselves, —both the lyrical and the epic. As to the lyrics, they do not much differ, on the whole, from the profound lyrical songs of the other Slav nations, excepting that we find in them more oriental motives (especially in Bosnia), oriental colour, fire, and tenderness, sometimes also oriental fatalism. However, in spite of all the abundance and beauty of the lyrics, the true glory of Serbian popular poetry is due to its epic ballads which may be roughly divided into four main groups or cycles.

The oldest cycle includes the mythological, or rather legendary songs, among which we find the echo of all the most important legendary motives. Especially well rendered are a powerful variation of the Œdipus-myth (in the ballad "Simon the Foundling"),

and that of the Leonora-motive, while the splendid "Song of the Building of Skadar" has been proclaimed by Jacob Grimm one of the most touching ballads of all times and nations.[1]

To the next group belong the poems dealing with the heroes of the tragic battle on Kossovo (1389) in which Serbia lost her freedom. The chief figures of this cycle are the noble Tsar Lazar, the two rivals —his sons-in-law Milosh Obilich and Vuk Brankovich, and the old hero Jug Bogdan with his nine sons whom the mother finds dead on the field of battle. (See the ballad—"The Death of the Mother of the Jugovitch.") The characters of the heroes and events are so splendidly outlined that their beauty induced several Jugoslavs, as well as foreigners, to attempt to bring all the Kossovo-ballads into one organic whole—into a kind of Serbian Iliad; but all such attempts have so far been unsatisfactory.[2]

The third cycle of the Serbian ballads deals with the symbolical national hero Marko Kralyevich (Marko, the king's son), whose deeds and exploits are the true mirror of the Serbian, or rather of the entire Jugoslav soul and character. Lastly, the fourth group comprises all the poems treating the struggles with the Turks in modern times, especially the heroic exploits of the Montenegrins, and Serbia's

[1] This ballad has been printed (in Helen Rootham's translation) in the *New Age*, of May 22nd, 1919.

[2] Siegfried Kapper (1851) and Grober (1885) tried that in German, A. d'Avril in French (in his *La Bataille de Kossovo*, Paris, 1866), Mrs. Elodie Lawton-Mijatovich in English (in her *Kossovo*, London, 1881); Armin Pavich, Stoyan Novakovich, Stoykovich, etc., tried to do the same in Serbo-Croatian language.

revolution against the Turkish yoke in the beginning of the nineteenth century.

The metre, common to all of these ballads, is the decasyllabic unrhymed trochaic with a cæsura after the fourth syllable. Another common feature is their absolute objectivity and Apollinic quietness, showing that the bard is always above the subject he treats. The strong construction of many of the poems reminds one of the architecture of a Dorian temple with its compactness, severe simplicity, dynamic quiet and clearness of line.

As the present volume includes only the more characteristic pieces belonging to the Kossovo-cycle, it is essential briefly to outline the origin, as well as the symbolical significance of this cycle.[1]

## III

No place in the Balkans has been so much sung as Kossovo or the Plain of Blackbirds;[2] no other spot in Jugoslav territory has even nowadays such magic power over the mentality of the folk-masses as this plain. Every Serbian peasant speaks of it with that reverence with which one speaks only of holy places; every Serbian poet, every folk-bard, and wandering blind beggar celebrates it in his songs; every child is taught by his mother to see in it the symbol of

[1] Ballads belonging to the other cycles are to follow after this volume (in Miss H. Rootham's translation).

[2] The plain of Kossovo lies to the north-west of Skoplye (Uskub), beyond the mountain-pass Kachanik. Until 1912 it was still under Turkish rule.

national martyrdom and resurrection. And the reason of such an attitude is the fact that on the field of Kossovo was fought (in 1389) that battle between Serbs and Turks which enslaved the Serbian race for almost five hundred years.

After the battle on the Maritsa (1371), in which the Serbian King Vukashin lost his life, the whole of Macedonia fell into Turkish power. But as the ambitious Sultan Murad cherished plans for a further extension of conquests towards the north and west, he decided to subject in the first instance the territory governed by Tsar Lazar. He camped in fact with an enormous army on Kossovo where the battle between him and the Serbian ruler was to take place —a battle which decided the fate of Eastern Europe for centuries.

Both armies, as well as both monarchs, were inspired by religious ideals—the Serbs fighting for Christianity, the Turks for Islam. The Serbian army was far out-numbered by the Turks, for the vassals and Christian allies of Lazar did not respond in time to his appeal; none the less, the Serbs started (in the morning of June 28th) their attack with great dash. In the beginning the chances of victory were on their side, for the fanatical Turkish hosts gave way in many places. But in the critical moment Turkish reinforcements arrived, and the Serbians, with Tsar Lazar at their head, continued their fight without any hope of victory. The treachery with which Vuk Brankovich is charged in the folk-songs, is not an historically ascertained fact. On the other hand, his rivalry with Milosh is quite

probable; equally probable is the fact that Milosh had been slandered as a traitor in front of the king, and that he decided to kill the Sultan simply to prove to Tsar Lazar his loyalty. At any rate, it is certain that he went to the Turkish camp, penetrated into Murad's tent and stabbed him. It is even possible that this act precipitated the catastrophe as—at the demand of the mortally wounded Sultan—the general battle began too early and developed so quickly that the Serbian reinforcements could not reach the battlefield in time. Tsar Lazar fought with the bravery of desperation. But after his horse had been killed beneath him, he was beset by enemies, captured, and beheaded with the flower of the Serbian nobility in the tent of the dying Sultan.

Bayazed, the son of Murad, describes in his firman to Suleiman-beg, the Kadhi of Brussa, the events on Kossovo, as follows: "When this my firman comes into your hands you should know that in accordance with Allah's will there was a battle on the field of Kossovo. My father, Sultan Murad, whose life had been happy and whose death was that of a martyr, prayed to Allah, after a vision whilst sleeping, to make him worthy of martyrdom. The battle being ended, he returned unhurt and in his full health, from the battlefield to his tent, which was elevated towards the heavens.[1] And while we enjoyed the greatest pleasure in seeing how the cut heads of the Christian dukes rolled under the horses' hoofs, and

[1] Bayazed here conceals, for various reasons, the truth that his father was stabbed and mortally wounded before the general battle began.

how many of them with tied hands and others with broken legs stood, there suddenly appeared a fighter, by name Milosh Obilich. He came perfidiously, saying that he accepted Islam, and asking that he might so be ranked in the victorious army. When after his own wish he was allowed to kiss the feet of the illustrious Sultan, he drew a poisonous hanjar hidden in his sleeve, and boldly thrust it into the body of the Sultan, sorely wounding him. Thus he caused the illustrious Sultan to drink the sherbet of martyrdom. After this deed Milosh tried to escape through the soldiers who shone like stars in the sky, but was caught by them and cut in pieces. . . ."

## IV

As is known, the consequences of the battle on Kossovo were bad for a great part of Europe, and fatal for Serbia. The Turks gradually extended their dominion towards the north, flooding the Serbian territory with horrors and misery which lasted almost five centuries. Under their oppression, systematic massacres, and persecution the entire race seemed doomed to disappear; and yet, by a miracle, as it were, the nation endured all the trials with a moral strength which deserves admiration.

One of the chief parts in this miracle was played by the folk-songs. . . . For the suffering people converted its tears, its wounds, and its curses into beautiful ballads, conjuring the old heroes from death and reminding everybody of that unhappy plain

which became the grave of Serbian liberty. Thus were originated the ballads of the Kossovo-cycle.

The genius of the nation transmuted and symbolised the historical events according to its own mentality and conception. The defeat itself, for instance, was attributed, not to the actual inferiority of the Serbian army, but, first of all, to the will of God, and then to the treachery of Vuk Brankovich. The ballad which relates how Tsar Lazar voluntarily chose the heavenly kingdom, shows that the national catastrophe on Kossovo received in the people's mind moral justification and religious significance. The religious (Christian) and patriotic motives were thus blended into one symbol, which found its full expression in the folk-songs. . . . Through the folk-songs Kossovo itself became a great symbol and a national and religious Mekka for every true Serbian. The watchword, " To redeem Kossovo," became now an inner moral bond that kept together all the scattered parts of the race, transferring the aspirations towards liberty from one generation to another. All the heroes, who fell in the battle with Murad for the holy Cross and Liberty, thus lived again, for they were resurrected in songs which poured new force and new hopes into the hearts of the enslaved singers.

Moreover, not only the Kossovo-battle, but the whole heroic past of Serbia was rendered by the people into a poetry that fed their patriotic, political, and religious feelings. The songs kindled that fire which was slowly burning under the ashes of their crushed religion and lost liberty. This fire burst

into flame in the peasant revolution against the Turks in 1804, the final result of which was the liberation of Serbia, leading a hundred years later to the liberation of the whole Jugoslav race.

## V

These ballads, in which the entire history of Serbia has been embodied, far from dying out, are still sung all over the country, playing a very important part in the Serbian national life. Among Serbian masses poetry is in general so closely connected with life that it is impossible to separate them: they sing while working, they sing when they are joyful, they sing when they suffer.

A typical illustration as to what curious aspects this habit can assume, we may find in the following reminiscence of Mrs. E. Lawton-Mijatovich:— "During the winter of 1873–74, happening to be in Kragrjevatz during the meeting of the National Assembly, I had the opportunity of hearing a certain peasant, Anta Neshich, recite in blank verse to numerous audiences outside the Assembly Room the whole debate on the Bill for introducing the fresh monetary system into Serbia, concluding with the final acceptance of the Bill. The poet put the debate on the Budget into the same taking form, to the great delight of his many auditors. Anta Neshich, from Ripany, a village about fifteen miles from Belgrade, was himself a member of the Assembly, and this fact, of course, did not make his recitations outside the walls less interesting to his auditors. . . ."

In many parts of modern Serbia, you can hardly find a folk-gathering or festival without guslars (bards) singing to the crowds about the heroes of bygone times. Prince Milosh Obrenovich, who ruled from 1817–39, used to have folk-bards at his court, and according to the witness of a contemporary traveller (Pirch), the prince himself competed with them in reciting and gusle-playing. Most remarkable however is the fact that the creative source of this poetry is not yet exhausted among the Serbian peasants even in this, the twentieth century. There exists, for instance, a number of new folk-ballads on the heroic exploits and deeds of the last Balkan war (1912–13), and the recent terrible retreat of the Serbian army through Albania (1915) has been recorded by the soldiers in a number of poems.

In conclusion we can point to the interesting fact that the entire political mentality even of the modern Serbian peasant has been formed not by political and social struggles, as in other European countries, but chiefly by folk-poetry. . . . That is the reason why his fervent patriotism has such a romantic, noble, and almost religious character. How profound an influence this folk-poetry still exercises on the hearts of the simple and naïve peasantry may be gathered from the following episode :—

During the Balkan war of 1912–13, certain victorious Serbian units reached Kossovo, which until then was under Turkish rule. As soon as the soldiers felt under their feet the liberated plain, they fell on their knees, whispering prayers and kissing the sacred soil. And when they rose again, they

instinctively marched over it softly, on tip-toe, in order not to disturb the sleep of the heroic dead who, more than five hundred years before, had there given their lives for Cross and Liberty. . . .

This episode alone tells more of the significance of the poetry, especially of the Kossovo-ballads, in the life of the Serbian race, than volumes of commentary.

# KOSSOVO

## HEROIC SONGS OF THE SERBS

# PESME


Propast Carstva Srpskoga . . . 24

Car Lazar i Carica Milica . . . 32

Večera u Kruševcu . . . . . 46

Kosančić i Miloš . . . . . 52

Musić Stevan . . . . . 58

Carica Milica i Vladeta Vojvoda . . 70

Kosovka Djevojka . . . . . 74

Smrt Majke Jugovića . . . . 84

Obretenije Glave Knez Lazara . . 92

# CONTENTS


| | PAGE |
|---|---|
| The Fall of the Serbian Empire | 25 |
| Tsar Lazar and Tsaritsa Militsa | 33 |
| The Banquet on the Eve of the Battle: A Fragment | 47 |
| Kossanchitch and Milosh: A Fragment | 53 |
| Musitch Stefan | 59 |
| Tsaritsa Militsa and the Voyvoda Vladeta | 71 |
| The Maiden of Kossovo | 75 |
| The Death of the Mother of the Jugovitch | 85 |
| The Miracle of Tsar Lazar | 93 |

## PROPAST CARSTVA SRPSKOGA

Poletio soko tica siva,
Od svetinje, od Jerusalima,
I on nosi ticu lastavicu.

To ne bio soko tica siva,
Veće bio svetitelj Ilija :
On ne nosi tice lastavice,
Veće knjigu od Bogorodice ;
Odnese je caru na Kosovo,
Spusti knjigu caru na koleno,
Sama knjiga caru besedila :
" Care Lazo, čestito koleno,
Kome ćeš se privoleti carstvu ?
Ili voliš carstvu nebeskome ?
Ili voliš carstvu zemaljskome ?
Ako voliš carstvu zemaljskome,
Sedlaj konje, priteži kolane,
Vitezovi, sablje pripasujte,
Pa u Turke juriš učinite :
Sva će turska izginuti vojska ;
Ako l'voliš carstvu nebeskome,
A ti sakroj na Kosovu crkvu,
Ne vodi joj temelj od mermera,
Već od čiste svile i skerleta
Pa pričesti i naredi vojsku ;
Sva će tvoja izginuti vojska,
Ti ćeš, kneže, s njome poginuti."

## THE FALL OF THE SERBIAN EMPIRE

From Jerusalem, the holy city,
Flying came a swift grey bird, a falcon,
And he carried in his beak a swallow.

But behold and see! 'Tis not a falcon,
'Tis the holy man of God, Elias,
And he does not bear with him a swallow,
But a letter from God's Holy Mother.
Lo, he bears the letter to Kossovo,
Drops it on the Tsar's knees from the heavens,
And thus speaks the letter to the monarch:
"Tsar Lazar, thou Prince of noble lineage,
What wilt thou now choose to be thy kingdom?
Say, dost thou desire a heav'nly kingdom,
Or dost thou prefer an earthly kingdom?
If thou should'st now choose an earthly kingdom,
Knights may girdle swords and saddle horses,
Tighten saddle-girths and ride to battle—
You will charge the Turks and crush their army!
But if thou prefer a heav'nly kingdom,
Build thyself a church upon Kossovo,
Let not the foundations be of marble,
Let them be of samite and of scarlet. . . .
And to all thy warriors and their leaders
Thou shalt give the sacraments and orders,
For thine army shall most surely perish,
And thou too, shalt perish with thine army."

A kad care saslušao reči,
Misli care misli svakojake :
" Mili Bože, što ću i kako ću ?
Kome ću se privoleti carstvu ?
Da ili ću carstvu nebeskome ?
Da ili ću carstvu zemaljskome ?
Ako ću se privoleti carstvu,
Privoleti carstvu zemaljskome,
Zemaljsko je za maleno carstvo,
A nebesko uvek i do veka."

Car volede carstvu nebeskome,
A nego li carstvu zemaljskome,
Pa sakroji na Kosovu crkvu.
Ne vodi joj temelj od mermera,
Već od čiste svile i skerleta ;
Pa doziva srpskog patrijara,
I dvanaest velikih vladika,
Te pričesti i naredi vojsku.

Istom kneže naredio vojsku,
Na Kosovo udariše Turci.
Mače vojsku Bogdan-Juže stari,
S devet sina, devet Jugovića
Kako devet sivih sokolova,
U svakog je devet hiljad vojske,
A u Juga dvanaest hiljada.

Pa se biše i sekoše s Turci,
Sedam paša biše i ubiše,
Kad osmoga biti započeše,
Al pogibe Bogdan-Juže stari,
T zgibe devet Jugovića,

When the Tsar had read the holy letter,
Ponder'd he, and ponder'd in this manner:
"Mighty God, what now shall this my choice be!
Shall I choose to have a heav'nly kingdom?
Shall I choose to have an earthly kingdom?
If I now should choose an earthly kingdom,
Lo, an earthly kingdom is but fleeting,
But God's kingdom shall endure for ever."

And the Tsar he chose a heav'nly kingdom,
And he built a church upon Kossovo,—
Did not bring foundation stones of marble
But he brought pure samite there and scarlet;
Summon'd there the Patriarch of Serbia,
Summon'd there with him the twelve archbishops.
Thus he gave the warriors and their leaders
Holy Sacrament and battle orders.

But no sooner gave the Prince his orders
Than the Turkish hordes swept on Kossovo.
And the Jug Bogdan leads there his army,
With his sons, the Jugovitch—nine brothers,
His nine sons like nine grey keen-eyed falcons,
Each of them commands nine thousand warriors,
And the Jug Bogdan commands twelve thousand.

With the Turks they fight there and they struggle,
And they smite and slay there seven pashas.
When the eighth advances to the battle
Then doth Jug Bogdan, the old knight, perish,
With his sons the Jugovitch—nine brothers,

Kako devet sivih sokolova,
I njihova sva izgibe vojska.

Makoš vojsku tri Mrnjavčevića,
Ban Uglješa i vojvoda Gojko
I sa njima Vukašine kralje,—
U svakoga triest hiljad, vojske ;
Pa se biše i sekoše s Turci :
Osam paša biše i ubiše,
Devetoga biti započeše ;
Pogiboše dva Mrnjavčevića,
Ban Ugliješa i vojvoda Gojko,
Vukašin je grdnih rana dop' o,
Njega Turci s konj'ma pregaziše
I njihova sva izgibe vojska.

Mače vojsku Erceže Stepane,
U Ercega mnoga silna vojska,
Mnoga vojska, šezdeset hiljada
Te se biše i sekoše s Turci :
Devet paša biše i ubiše,
Desetoga biti započeše,
Al pogibe Erceže Stepane,
I njihova sva izgibe vojska.

Mače vojsku srpski knez Lazare,
U Laze je silni Srbalj bio,
Sedamdeset i sedam hiljada ;
Pa razgone po Kosovu Turke,
Ne dadu se ni gledati Turkom,
Da kamo li bojak biti s Turci :
Tad' bi Laza nadvladao Turke,

His nine sons like nine grey keen-eyed falcons,
And with them doth perish all their army.

Moved their army three Mernyachevichi:
Ban Uglyesha and Voyvoda Goïko,
And the third, the mighty King Vukáshin;
And with each were thirty thousand warriors,
With the Turks do they there fight and struggle,
And they smite and slay eight Turkish pashas.
When the ninth advances to the battle
Then there perish two Mernyachevichi,
Ban Uglyesha and Voyvoda Goïko;
Many ugly wounds has King Vukáshin,
Turks and horses wade in blood above him,
And with him doth perish all his army.

Moved his army then Voyvoda Stefan;
And with him are many mighty warriors,
Many mighty warriors—sixty thousand.
With the Turks do they there fight and struggle,
And they smite and slay nine Turkish pashas.
When the tenth advances to the battle,
There doth perish the Voyvoda Stefan,
And with him doth perish all his army.

Then advances Tsar Lazar the Glorious,
With him moves a mighty host of Serbians,
Seven and seventy thousand chosen warriors.
They disperse the Turks upon Kossovo,
No time had the Turks to look upon them,
Still less time had they to stem the onslaught;
Tsar Lazar and all his mighty warriors

Bog ubio Vuka Brankovića!
On izdade tasta na Kosovu:
Tada Lazu nadvladaše Turci,—
I pogibe srpski knez Lazare,
I njegova sva izgibe vojska,
Sedamdeset i sedam hiljada.

Sve je sveto i čestito bilo,
I milome Bogu pristupačno.

There had overwhelm'd the unbelievers,
But—the curse of God be on the traitor,
On Vuk Brankovitch,—he left his kinsman,
He deserted him upon Kossovo :
And the Turks o'erwhelmed Lazar the Glorious,
And the Tsar fell on the field of battle ;
And with him did perish all his army,
Seven and seventy thousand chosen warriors.

All was done with honour, all was holy,
God's will was fulfilled upon Kossovo.

## CAR LAZAR I CARICA MILICA

Car Lazare sjede za večeru,
Pokraj njega carica Milica ;
Veli njemu carica Milica :
" Car Lazare, srpska kruno zlatna,
Ti polaziš sjutra u Kosovo,
Sobom vodiš sluge i vojvode,
A kod dvora nikog ne ostavljaš,
Care Lazo, od muškijeh glava,
Da ti može knjigu odnijeti
U Kosovo, i natrag vratiti ;
Odvodiš mi devet mile braće,
Devet braće, devet Jugovića :
Ostavi mi brata bar jednoga,
Jednog brata sestri od zakletve."

Njoj govori srpski knez Lazare :
" Gospo moja, carice Milice,
Koga bi ti brata najvoljela
Da t' ostavim u bijelu dvoru ? "
" Ostavi mi Boška Jugovića."
Tada reče srpski knez Lazare :
" Gospo moja, carice Milice,
Kada sjutra bijel dan osvane,
Dan osvane i ograne sunce,
I vrata se otvore na gradu,

## TSAR LAZAR AND TSARITSA MILITSA

Tsar Lazar sits at the evening banquet,
With him sits the Tsaritsa Militsa;
Says to him the Tsaritsa Militsa:
"Tsar Lazar, oh golden crown of Serbia,
Thou wilt go to-morrow to Kossovo,
And wilt lead the men-at-arms and nobles,
But thou leavest no one in the castle
Who for me could carry hence a message
To Kossovo, and bring back your greeting.
Thou dost lead away my nine dear brothers,
Thou dost lead away nine Jugovitchi;
Leave me one at least of these my brothers,
That I have a brother left to swear by."

Then the Serbian prince Lazar makes answer:
"Oh dear lady, Tsaritsa Militsa,
Tell me thou then, which of thy nine brothers
I shall leave with thee in thy white castle."
"Leave me Boshko Jugovitch, oh monarch!"
And the Serbian prince Lazar makes answer:
"Oh dear lady, Tsaritsa Militsa,
When the white day dawns again to-morrow,
When the day dawns and the bright sun rises
And the great gates of the city open,
Walk then, lady, to the city portals;

Ti išetaj gradu na kapiju ;
Tud' će poći vojska na alaje,
Sve konjici pod bojnim kopljima,
Pred njima je Boško Jugoviću,
I on nosi krstaša barjaka :
Kaži njemu od mene blagoslov
Nek da barjak kome njemu drago
Pa nek s tobom kod dvora ostane."

Kad u jutru jutro osvanulo
I gradska se otvoriše vrata,
Tad' išeta carica Milica ;
Ona stade gradu kod kapije,
Al eto ti vojske na alaje.
Sve konjici pod bojnim kopljima,
Pred njima je Boško Jugoviću.
Na alatu, vas u čistom zlatu :
Krstaš ga je barjak poklopio,
Pobratime, do konja alata ;
Na barjaku od zlata jabuka,
Iz jabuke od zlata krstovi,
Od krstova zlatne kite vise,
Te kuckaju Boška po plećima.
Primače se carica Milica,
Pa uhvati za uzdu alata,
Ruke sklopi bratu oko vrata,
Pak mu poče tiho govoriti :
" Oj, moj brate, Boško Jugoviću !
Car je tebe meni poklonio,
Da ne ideš na boj na Kosovo,
I tebe je blagoslov kazao—
Da daš barjak kome tebe drago,

That way goes the army in its splendour,—
All the battle-horses with their lancers.
Boshko Jugovitch will ride before them,
In his hand will bear the battle-standard;
Say then to thy brother with my blessing,
He shall give to whom he will the standard,
And then stay with thee in thy white castle."

When the dawn has broken on the morrow,
And the great gates of the city open,
Then walks out the Tsaritsa Militsa;
She stands there beside the city portals
And beholds the army in its splendour:
All the battle-horses with their lancers,
Boshko Jugovitch before them riding.
Of the finest cloth-of-gold his garments,
And the standard with a cross emblazon'd,
Oh my brothers, falls in folds around him,
Covers him and rests upon his charger.
On the standard, lo, a golden apple,
From the apple rise the golden crosses,
From the crosses hang long golden tassels
And the tassels droop upon his shoulders.
Closer comes the Tsaritsa Militsa,
Catches at the war-horse by its bridle,
Puts her arm around her brother's shoulder
And begins to whisper to him softly:
"Boshko Jugovitch, oh thou my brother,
Now to me the Tsar Lazar doth give thee,
And thou shalt not ride with him to battle,
Shalt not ride with him unto Kossovo;
And he bids me tell thee with his blessing

Da ostaneš sa mnom u Kruševcu,
Da imadem brata od zakletve."
Al govori Boško Jugoviću :
" Idi, sestro, na bijelu kulu !
A ja ti se ne bih povratio,
Ni iz ruke krstaš barjak dao,
Da mi care pokloni Kruševac ;
Da mi reče družina ostala :
Gle strašivca, Boška Jugovića !
On ne smede poći u Kosovo,
Za krst časni krvcu proljevati
I za svoji vjeru umrijeti."
Pak protera konja na kapiju.

Al eto ti starog Jug-Bogdana
I za njime sedam Jugovića ;
Sve je sedam ustavljala redom
Al ni jedan ni gledati ne će.
Malo vreme za tim postajalo,
Al eto ti Jugović-Voina,
I on vodi careve jedeke
Pokrivene sa suvijem zlatom :
Ona pod njim uhvati kulaša,
I sklopi mu ruke oko vrata,
Pa i njemu stade govoriti :
" Oj moj brate, Jugović-Voine !
Car je tebe meni poklonio,
I tebe je blagoslov kazao
Da daš jedek' kome tebe drago,
Da ostaneš sa mnom u Kruševcu,
Da imadem brata od zakletve."
Veli njojzi Jugović-Voine :

Thou shalt give to whom thou wilt the standard
And remain with me here in Kroushévatz,
That I have a brother left to swear by."
Boshko Jugovitch then makes her answer :
" Go Militsa, to thy fair white tower,
For I may not stay with thee, my sister,
Nor let from my hand the battle-standard
That the Tsar gave to me at Kroushévatz ;
For I will not that my comrades mock me :
See the coward ! See the coward Boshko !
He who rode not with Lazar to battle,
Dared not ride with him unto Kossovo,
There to shed his blood for Christ his honour,
For the Holy Cross to fight and perish."
And he spurred his charger through the gateway.

Came the Jug Bogdan her father, riding,
And with him rode seven Jugovitchi,
But not one of them did look upon her. . . . .
And when they had passed out through the gateway
Far behind there came her brother Voïn
Leading with him Tsar Lazar's great chargers
Covered with their shining golden trappings.
She holds Voïn's grey horse by its bridle,
Puts her arm around her brother's shoulder,
Holds him thus, and whispers to him softly :
" Voïn Jugovitch, oh thou my brother,
Now to me the Tsar Lazar doth give thee,
And he bids me tell thee with his blessing
Thou shalt give to whom thou wilt his chargers,
And remain with me here in Kroushévatz
That I have a brother left to swear by."

" Idi, sestro, na bijelu kulu !
Ne bih ti se junak povratio,
Ni careve jedeke pustio,
Da bih znao da bih poginuo ;
Idem, sejo, u Kosovo ravno
Za krst časni krvcu proljevati
I za vjeru s braćom umrijeti."
Pak protera konja na kapiju.

Kad to vidje carica Milica
Ona pade na kamen studeni,
Ona pade, pak se obeznani.
Al eto ti slavnoga Lazara !
Kada vidje gospodju Milicu,
Ud'riše mu suze niz obraze ;
On s' obzire s desna na lijevo,
Te dozivlje slugu Golubana :
" Golubane, moja vjerna slugo,
Ti odjaši od konja labuda,
Uzmi gospu na bijele ruke,
Pak je nosi na tananu kulu ;
Od mene ti Bogom prosto bilo :
Nemoj ići na boj na Kosovo,
Već ostani u bijelu dvoru."
Kad to začu sluga Golubane,
Proli suze niz bijelo lice,
Pa odsjede od konja labuda,
Uze gospu na bijele ruke,
Odnese je na tananu kulu ;
Al svom srcu odoljet' ne može
Da ne ide na boj na Kosovo,—

Voïn Jugovitch then makes her answer :
" Go Militsa, to thy fair white tower,
I a hero, may not leave my comrades,
Nor give up the Tsar's steeds to another,
Even knowing that I die in battle.
I go now, oh sister, to Kossovo,
There to shed my blood for Christ his honour,
For the faith to die there with my brothers."
And he spurred his charger through the gateway.

Seeing this, the Tsaritsa Militsa
Falls down lifeless on the cold hard roadway ;
And behold, the Tsar himself comes riding.
When he sees the Tsaritsa Militsa
Down the Tsar's face are the fast tears falling,
He looks to his right hand and his left hand,
Calls to him then Goluban, his servant :
" Goluban, oh thou my faithful servant,
Now dismount thee from thy swan-white charger,
By her fair white hands lift up my lady,
Carry her unto the slender tower ;
From thine oath to me hath God now loosed thee,
Thou shalt not ride with me to Kossovo,
But shalt stay behind here, in the castle."
When the servant Goluban has heard this,
Down his white face are the fast tears falling,
He obeys, and stays his swan-white charger,
By her fair white hands lifts up his lady,
Brings her then unto the slender tower ;
But his heart cannot endure the order
That he rides not with his lord to battle,

Već se vrati do konja labuda,
Posjede ga, ode u Kosovo.

Kad je sjutra jutro osvanulo
Doleteše dva vrana gavrana
Od Kosova polja širokoga,
I padoše na bijelu kulu,
Baš na kulu slavnoga Lazara ;
Jedan grakće, drugi progovara :
" Da l'je kula slavnog knez-Lazara ?
Il' u kuli nigdje nikog nema ? "
To iz kule nitko ne čujaše,
Već to čula carica Milica,
Pa izlazi pred bijelu kulu,
Ona pita dva vrana gavrana :
" Oj, Boga vam, dva vrana gavrana,
Otkuda ste jutros poleteli ?
Nijeste li od polja Kosova ?
Vidjeste li dvije silne vojske ?
Jesu li se vojske udarile ?
Čija li je vojska zadobila ? "
Al govore dva vrana gavrana :
" Oj, Boga nam, carice Milice,
Mi smo jutros od Kosova ravna,
Vidjeli smo dvije silne vojske ;
Vojske su se juče udarile,
Obadva su cara poginula,
Od Turaka nešto i ostalo,
A od Srba što je i ostalo,
Sve ranjeno i iskrvavljeno."

Istom oni tako besjedjahu,
Al eto ti sluge Milutina,

And he goes back to his swan-white charger,
Mounts him, and rides swiftly to Kossovo.

On the morrow when the dawn has broken,
Flying, come two ravens, two black ravens,
Flying from the wide plain of Kossovo ;
They alight upon the slender tower,
On the tower of Lazar the Glorious ;
Croaks the first, begins to speak the second :
" Is this Tsar Lazar's white slender tower,
In this tower is there none that liveth ? "
In the tower nobody has heard them,
Saving only Tsaritsa Militsa ;
She comes down from her white slender tower,
And she asks the ravens, two black ravens :
" God be with you, oh you two black ravens,
Whence do you come flying here this morning ?
Tell me, have you seen two mighty armies ?
Do these mighty armies fight together ?
Which of these two armies doth now conquer ? "
Answer her the ravens, two black ravens :
" God be with you, Tsaritsa Militsa,
We come from the wide plain of Kossovo,
On the plain we saw two mighty armies,
Yesterday the armies fought together,
And both monarchs perished in the fighting.
Of the Turkish hordes a few are living,
And a few are living of the Serbians,
Living, but sore wounded all, and bleeding."

As the two black ravens thus were speaking,
Lo, came riding Milutin the servant,

Nosi desnu, u lijevoj ruci,
Na njemu je rana sedamnaest,
Vas mu konjic u krv ogreznuo ;
Veli njemu gaspodja Milica :
" Što je bolan ! slugo Milutine ?
Zar izdade cara na Kosovu ? "
Al govori sluga Milutine :
" Skin' me, gospo, sa konja viteza,
Umij mene studenom vodicom,
I zalij me crvenijem vinom ;
Teške su me rane osvojile."
Skide njega gospodja Milica,
I umi ga studenom vodicom,
I zali ga crvenijem vinom.
Kad se sluga malo povratio,
Pita njega gospodja Milica :
" Što bi, slugo u polju Kosovu ?
Gdje pogibe slavni kneže Lazo ?
Gdje pogibe stari Jug Bogdane ?
Gdje pogibe devet Jugovića ?
Gdje pogibe Miloš vojevoda ?
Gdje pogibe Vuče Brankoviću ?
Gdje pogibe Banović Strahinja ? "

Tada sluga poče kazivati :
" Svi ostaše, gospo, u Kosovu.
Gdje pogibe slavni knez Lazare,
Tu su mnoga koplja izlomljena,
Izlomljena i turska i srpska,
Ali više srpska, nego turska,
Braneć', gospo svoga gospodara,
Gospodara, slavnog knez-Lazara.

In his left hand, see, he bears his right hand,
He has countless wounds upon his body,
And his horse is bathed in blood beneath him.
Questions him the Tsaritsa Militsa:
" Milutin, what evil thing hath happened ?
Hast thou left thy lord upon Kossovo ? "
Milutin the servant makes her answer:
" Help me to dismount, I beg thee, lady,
Bathe me also with the cooling water,
And with red wine let my lips be moisten'd,
For my wounds have nearly overcome me."
Then the Tsaritsa Militsa helps him,
Bathes his cruel wounds with cooling water,
And his lips with good red wine she moistens.
When the servant's heart revives within him
Questions him the Tsaritsa Militsa:
" Milutin, how went it on Kossovo ?
Where Lazar, the Prince of Serbia, perished,
Where the Jug Bogdan, my father, perished,
And where perished his nine sons, my brothers;
Where the brave Voyvoda Milosh perished,
Where Vuk Brankovitch with them has perished,
And where perished mighty Ban Strahinya."

Milutin the servant tells his story:
" All remain, oh lady, on Kossovo,
Where has fallen Tsar Lazar the Glorious.
There are broken many battle-lances,
Serbian lance and Turkish, both are broken,
But more Serbian lances broke than Turkish
While defending Tsar Lazar, oh lady,
Glorious Tsar Lazar, the lord of Serbia.

A Jug ti je, gospo, poginuo
U početku, u boju prvome.
Pogibe ti osam Jugovića,
Gdje brat brata izdati ne htede,
Doklegodje jedan secijaše ;
Još ostade Boško Jugoviću,
Krstaš mu se po Kosovu vija,—
Još razgoni Turke na buljuke,
Kao soko tice golubove.
Gdje ogreznu krvca do koljena,
Tu pogibe Banović Strahinja.
Miloš ti je, gospo, poginuo,
Kod Sitnice kod vode studene,
Gdjeno mnogi Turci izginuli ;
Miloš zgubi turskog car-Murata,
I Turaka dvanaest hiljada ;
Bog da prosti, ko ga je rodio ?
On ostavi spomen rodu srpskom,
Da se priča i pripovijeda
Dok je ljudi i dok je Kosova.
A što pitaš za prokletog Vuka,
Proklet bio i ko ga rodio,
Prokleto mu pleme i koljeno !
On izdade cara na Kosovu
I odvede dvanaest hiljada,
Gospo moja, ljutih oklopnika."

And the Jug Bogdan has fallen also,
And with him eight Jugovitchi, lady;
There where no man would desert his brothers
Whilst a single one could move his weapon,
Boshko Jugovitch still fought, oh lady;
Raged the battle round him on Kossovo
And he threw the Turks into disorder
As the falcon strikes the homing pigeons.
And there perished mighty Ban Strahinya,
There too, perished Milosh, oh dear lady,
By Sitnitsa, by the chilly water,
There where very many Turks have fallen.
Milosh slew the Turkish Sultan, Murad,
And he also slew of Turks twelve thousand.
May God bless the woman who has borne him!
He left glory to the name of Serbia
While there lives a story and a teller,
While there lives a people and Kossovo.
And what of th' accurséd Vuk, you ask me!
Curséd he, and curséd she who bore him,
Cursed his race unto all generations!
He betrayed the Tsar upon Kossovo,
Led away with him twelve thousand warriors,
Mighty men-at-arms, oh my dear mistress."

## VEČERA U KRUŠEVCU

Slavu slavi srpski knez Lazare
U Kruševcu mestu skrovitome ;
Svu gospodu za sofru sjedao,
Svu gospodu i gospodiciće :
S desne strane starog Jug-Bogdana
I do njega devet Jugovića ;
A s lijeve Vuka Brankovića,
Iostalu svu gospodu redom ;
U zastavu vojvodu Miloša,
I do njega dv'je srpske vojvode :
Jedno mi je Kosančić Ivane,
A drugo je Toplica Milane.

Car uzima zlatan pehar vina
Pa govori svoj gospodi srpskoj :
" Kome ć' ovu čašu nazdraviti ?
Ako ću je napit po starješтvu,
Napiću je starom Jug-Bogdanu ;
Ako ću je napit po gospodstvu,
Napiću je Vuku Brankoviću ;
Ako ću je napit, po milosti,
Napiću je mojim devet šura—
Devet šura devet Jugovića ;
Ako ću je napit, po ljepoti,
Napiću je Kosančić-Ivanu ;

## THE BANQUET ON THE EVE OF THE BATTLE

(A FRAGMENT)

PRINCE LAZAR his patron saint doth honour
On the fair and pleasant field Kossovo,
With his lords is seated round the table
With his lords and with his youthful nobles.

On his left the Jug Bogdan is seated,
And with him nine Jugovitch, nine brothers;
On his right Vuk Brankovitch is seated,
And the other lords in their due order;
Facing him is Milosh, that great warrior,
And with him two other Serbian leaders
Kossanchich, and young Toplitza Milan.

Tsar Lazar lifts high the golden goblet,
Thus he speaks unto his Serbian nobles:
"Unto whom shall this my cup be emptied?
If it be old age that I should honour
Then, oh Jug Bogdan, I must now pledge you;
If it be high rank that I should honour
Then Vuk Brankovitch, I must now pledge you;
If the voice of feeling I should follow
To the Tsaritsa's nine well-lov'd brothers

Ako ću je napit po visini,
Napiću je Toplici Milanu ;
Ako ću je napit' po junaštvu,
Napiću je vojvodi Milošu.
Ta nikom je drugom napit' neću,
Već u zdravlje Miloš-Obilića :
Zdrav, Milošu, vjero i nevjero !
Prva vjero, potonja nevjero !
Sutra ćeš me izdat' na Kosovu,
I odbjeći turskom car-Muratu ;
Zdrav mi budi, i zdravicu popij :
Vino popij, a na čast ti pehar ! "

Skoči Miloš na noge lagane,
Pak se klanja do zemljice crne :
" Hvala tebe, slavni knez-Lazare,
Hvala tebe na tvojo zdravici,
Na zdravici i na daru tvome ;
Al' ne hvala na takoj besjedi ;
Jer, tako me vjera ne ubila !
Ja nevjeran nikad bio nisam,
Nit' sam bio, niti ću kad biti,
Nego sjutra mislim u Kosovu
Za hrišćansku vjeru poginuti ;
Nevjera ti sjedi uz koljeno,
Ispod skuta pije ladno vino :
A prokleti Vuče Brankoviću.
Sjutra jeste lijep Vidov danak,
Vidjećemo u polju Kosovu,
Ko je vjera, ko li je nevjera.
A tako mi Boga velikoga !
Ja ću otić sjutra u Kosovo,

To the Jugovitch, my toast is owing;
If it beauty be that I should honour
Ivan Kossanchitch, I must now pledge you;
If heroic looks I now should honour
Then Toplitza Milan, I must pledge you;
If heroic deeds are to be toasted
I must drink to that great warrior Milosh,
I can surely pledge no other hero.
Milosh Obilitch, I drink to thee now,
To thy health, oh Milosh, friend and traitor!
Friend at first, but at the last a traitor.
When the battle rages fierce to-morrow
Thou wilt then betray me on Kossovo,
And wilt join the Turkish Sultan, Murad!
Drink with me, and pledge me deep, oh Milosh,
Drain the cup; I give it thee in token!"

To his feet leaps Milosh, that great warrior,
To the black earth bows himself, and answers:
"Tsar Lazar, for this thy toast I thank thee,
Thank thee for the toast and for the goblet,
But for those thy words I do not thank thee.
For—else may the truth be my undoing—
Never, Tsar Lazar, was I unfaithful,
Never have I been, and never will be.
And to-morrow I go to Kossovo
For the Christian faith to fight and perish.
At thy very knees there sits the traitor,
Covered by thy robes he drains the wine-cup,
'Tis Vuk Brankovitch, th' accurséd traitor!
And when dawns the pleasant day to-morrow
We shall see upon the field, Kossovo,

I zaklaću turskog car-Murata,
I staću mu nogom pod gr'oce ;
Ako li mi Bog i sreća dade
Te se zdravo u Kruševac vratim,
Uhvatiću Vuka Brankovića,
Vezaću ga uz to bojno koplje,
Kao žena kudelj' uz preslicu,
Nosiću ga u polje Kosovo."

Who to thee is faithful, and who faithless.
And I call Almighty God to witness
I will go to-morrow to Kossovo,
I will slay the Turkish Sultan, Murad,
And I'll plant my foot upon his false throat;
And if God and fortune so befriend me,
I will take Vuk Brankovitch then captive,
Bind him to my battle-lance! Yea, tie him
As a woman ties hemp to her distaff,
And I'll drag him with me to Kossovo."

## KOSANCIĆ I MILOŠ

" Pobratime, Kosančić Ivane,
Jesi l'tursku uhodio vojsku ?
Je li mnogo vojske u Turaka ?
Možemo li s Turci bojak biti ?
Možemo li Turke pridobiti ? "

Veli njemu Kosančić Ivane :
" O, moj brate, Miloš Obiliću !
Ja sam tursku vojsku uhodio,—
Jeste silna vojska u Turaka ;
Svi mi da se u sô prometnemo,
Ne bi Turkom ručka osolili
Evo puno petnaest danaka
Ja sve hodah po turskoj ordiji
I ne nadjoh kraja ni hesapa :
Od Mramora do Suva Javora,
Od Javora, pobro, do Sazlije,
Do Sazlije na Ćemer ćuprije,
Od ćuprije do grada Zvečana,
Od Zvečana, pobro, do Čečana,
Od Čečana vrhu do planine,—
Sve je Turska vojska pritisnula :
Konj do konja, junak do junaka,
Bojna koplja kao čarna gora,
Sve barjaci kao i oblaci,

## KOSSANCHITCH AND MILOSH

### (A FRAGMENT)

MILOSH speaks to Kossanchitch his brother :
" Ivan Kossanchitch, oh thou dear brother,
Hast thou spied upon the Turkish army,
Seen how many warriors came from Turkey ?
Can we offer battle to the army ?
Can we hope to vanquish it in battle ? "

Ivan Kossanchitch thus speaks in answer :
" Milosh Obilitch, oh thou my brother,
I have spied upon the Turkish army
And a mighty army came from Turkey.
Were we grains of salt instead of warriors
Yet we could not salt that army's dinner.
Fifteen days through Murad's hordes I wandered
But I could not find an end or limit.
From Mramór right up to Suvi Javor,
And from Jávor right up to Sazliya,
From Sazliya to the bridge of Chemer
And from Chemer to the fortress Zvechan,
And from Zvechan right away to Chechan,
And from Chechan up above the mountains
Stand the Turks in serried ranks together ;
Horse to horse, and hero touching hero,

A čadori kao i snjegovi ;
Da iz neba plaha kiša padne,
Nidje ne bi na zemljicu pala,
Već na dobre konje i junake.
Murat pao na Mazgit na polje,
Uhvatio i Lab i Sitnicu."

Još ga pita Miloš Obiliću :
" Ja Ivane, mio pobratime,
Gdje je čador silnog car-Murata ?
Ja sam ti se knezu zatekao,
Da zakoljem Turskog car-Murata
Da mu stanem nogom pod gr'oce."

Al govori Kosančić Ivane :
" Da lud ti si, mio pobratime !
Gdje je čador silna car-Murata,
Usred turskog silna taobora—
Da ti imaš krila sokolova,
Pak da padneš iz neba vedroga,
Perje mesa ne bi iznijelo."

Tada Miloš zaklinje Ivana :
" O, Ivane, da moj mili brate,
Nerodjeni, kao i rodjeni,
Nemoj tako knezu kazivati,
Jer će nam se kneže zabrinuti,
I eva će se vojska poplašiti ;
Već ovako našem knezu kaži :
Ima dosta vojske u Turaka,
Al s' možemo s njima udariti,
I lasno ih pridobit' možemo ;

Battle-lances like a magic mountain,
Like a cloud their battle-standards streaming
And their tents stretched like the snow in winter.
If the gentle rain should fall from heaven
Not one inch of ground could then receive it,
So thick stand the horses and the heroes.
Murad fell upon the plain of Mazgit,
Took by quick assault Lab and Sitnitsa."

Then speaks Milosh Obilitch in answer :
" Ivan Kossanchitch, oh thou my brother,
Where has Sultan Murad pitched his tent there ?
I have sworn to slay the Sultan Murad
And I'll plant my foot upon his false throat."

Ivan Kossanchitch thus answers Milosh :
" Thou art surely mad, oh thou my brother !
There where thickest press the Turkish warriors
Stands the tent of mighty Sultan Murad.
If thou hadst the swift wings of the falcon
And couldst swoop from out the clear blue heavens
Still thy swift wings could not save thy body."

Then to Ivan swears the hero Milosh :
" Ivan Kossanchitch, oh thou dear brother,
Not by birth, and yet like my own brother,
Do not tell this story to our monarch,
It would but disquiet and alarm him
And then all the army might be frightened.
Speak unto our monarch in this manner :—
There has come an army out of Turkey
Big enough that we should give it battle,

Jera nije vojska od mejdana,
Već sve stare hodje i hadjije,
Zanatlije i mlade ćardjije,
Koji boja ni vidjeli nisu;
Istom pošli da se hljebom hrane;
A i što je vojske u Turaka,
Vojska im se jeste poboljela,
Od bolesti teške srdobolje,
A dobri se konji poboljeli
Od bolesti konjske sakagije."

But it will be light for us to conquer.
It is not an army made of heroes,
But old monks and pilgrims dressed as warriors,
Artisans are there, and slim young merchants,
Those who never yet have seen a battle,
But who for their bread have joined the army.
Say too—but whatever size the army
It has fallen very sick and ailing,
And the horses too all greatly suffer,
Some are lame, and none are in condition."

## MUSIĆ STEVAN

Vino pije Musiću Stevane
U Majdanu čisto srebrnome,
U svom krasnom dvoru gospodskome ;
Vino služi Vaistina sluga.

Kad se hladna podnapiše vina,
Al besedi Musiću Stevane :
" Vaistino, moje čedo drago,
Ja ću leći sanak boraviti,
Ti večeraj, pa se napij vina,
Pa pošetaj pred gospodskog dvora,
Pa pogledaj čistom vedrom nebu :
Je li jasan mesec na zahodu ?
Je l' Danica na istoku zvezda ?
Je li nama putovati vreme
Na Kosovo lepo polje ravno,
Na ročište čestitome knezu ?
Jer znadeš li, moje čedo drago,
Kad ono smo na zakletvi bili,
Kako nas je zaklinjao kneže,
Zaklinjao, proklinjao ljuto :
' Ko je Srbin i srpskoga roda,
I od srpske krvi i kolena,
A ne poš ' o na boj na Kosovo,
Ne imao od srca poroda,

## MUSITCH STEFAN

Musitch Stefan drinks wine in his castle,
Drinks wine there in Maydan, rich with silver,
And the servant Váyistina serves him.

When of cool wine he has drunk sufficient
Thus speaks Musitch Stefan to his servant:
" Hearken, oh my dear friend Váyistina,
Thou shalt sup, and empty now a wine-flask,
Then go out and walk before the castle,
Look above thee at the clear blue heavens.
If the moon is high above the sunset
And Danitsa [1] in the east has risen,
Then the hour has come for us to journey
To the fair and pleasant field, Kossovo,
To our noble prince's place of meeting.
For my dear friend, as thou surely knowest,
When we took our oath the prince besought us,
He besought us, by our oath exhorting:—
' Whoso is a Serb, from Serbian mother,
Who has Serbian blood and Serbian lineage,
And comes not to battle, to Kossovo,
May there never to his heart be granted
Children, neither yet a maid nor man-child.
Underneath his hands shall nothing prosper,

[1] Danitsa=the Morning Star.

Ni muškoga ni devojačkoga ;
Od ruke mu ništa ne rodilo,
Rujno vino ni šenica bela ;
Rdjom kap' o dok mu je kolena !' "

Leže Stevan u meke dušeke,
Povečera Vaistina sluga,
Povečera i napi se vina,
Pa išeta pred gospodskog dvora,
I pogleda čistom, vedrom nebu ;
Jeste jasan mesec na zahodu,
Jest Danica na istoku zvezda,
Jeste njima putovati vreme
Na Kosovo, lepo polje ravno,
Na ročište čestitome knezu ;

Pa se šeće konjma u ahare.
Pa izvede dva konja viteza,
Osedla ih i opravi lepo,
Jednog sebi, drugog gospodaru ;
Pa se šeće u gospodske dvore,
I iznese krstat svilen barjak,
Na kome je dvanaest krstova,
Svih dvanaest od čistoga zlata,
I ikona svetoga Jovana,
Krsno ime Musića Stevana ;
Prisloni ga uz gospodskog dvora,
Pa se šeće gore na čardake,
Da probudi gospodara svoga.

Kad je bio čardaku na vrati,
Kob ga kobi Stevanova ljuba,
Zagrli ga, pa ga i poljubi :

Neither vine-yards nor the silver wheat fields,
And from him shall misery be oozing
Till his name and race die out and perish.' "

Stefan lies upon his soft down pillows;
Sups his faithful servant Váyistina
Sups and drinks cool wine beside his master;
After supper walks before the castle,
Looks above him at the clear blue heavens.
Lo, the moon shines high above the sunset,
Lo, Danitsa in the East has risen,
And the hour has come when they must journey
To the fair and pleasant field, Kossovo,
To the noble prince's place of meeting.

Váyistina goes into the stables,
Brings therefrom two noble battle-horses,
Saddles them, and decks them with rich trappings,
One for him, and one for his good master.
Then he leads them to the castle courtyard,
Carries forth the silken battle-standard
On which shine and glow twelve golden crosses,
And the ikon of Saint John th' Apostle,
John the patron saint of Musitch Stefan;
In the courtyard then he leaves the standard
And he mounts the stairway of the tower.

Fate here brings him Musitch Stefan's lov'd one,
She embraces him and tells him weeping:
" Oh my friend and brother, Váyistina,
By Almighty God and John th' Apostle,
Thou wert until now my faithful servant;

" Bogom brate, Vaistino slugo,
Višnjim Bogom i svetim Jovanom !
Do sad si mi verna sluga bio,—
Od jako si Bogom pobratime,
Nemoj budit' gospodara moga,
Jer sam, jadna, zao sanak vid'la,
Gde poleti, jato golubova,
I pred njima dva sokola siva,
Ispred našeg dvora gospodskoga ;
Odletiše na Kosovo ravno,
I padoše medj ' Muratov tabor,
Gde padoše već se ne digoše ;
To je, braco, vaše znamenije,
Bojati se da ne izginete."

Al besedi Vaistina sluga :
" Draga seko, Stevanova ljubo !
Neću seko, nevere činiti
Gospodaru i mome i tvome ;
Jer ti nisi na zakletvi bila,
Kako nas je zaklinjao kneže,
Zaklinjao, proklinjao ljuto :
' Ko je Srbin i srpskoga roda,
I od srpske krvi i kolena,
A ne doš 'o na boj na Kosovo,
Od ruke mu ništa ne rodilo,
Rujno vino, ni šenica bela ;
Ne imao poljskog berićeta,
Ni u domu od srca poroda,
Rdjom kap'o dok mu je kolena ! '
Pa ja ne smem nevere činiti
Gospodaru i mome i tvome."

If from now thou art in God my brother
Never wake my well-lov'd lord and master;
For I, most unhappy one, whilst dreaming,
Saw a flight of pigeons high above me,
And near-by beheld I two grey falcons
Soaring far above our lordly castle,
And they flew away unto Kossovo
Till they reached the camp of Sultan Murad—
There they fell, and rose no more for ever. . . . .
That, oh brother, is an evil omen
And I fear you both will surely perish."

But the servant Váyistina answered:
" Oh dear sister, thou belov'd of Stefan,
Never, sister, will I be unfaithful
To thy lord, my honourable master.
For thou hast not been at our oath-taking
When the noble prince has there besought us,
Has besought us, by our oath exhorting:—
' Whoso is a Serb, from Serbian mother,
Who has Serbian blood and Serbian lineage
And comes not to battle, to Kossovo,
Underneath his hands shall nothing prosper,
Neither vineyards nor the silver wheat-fields;—
Barren shall his fields remain for ever!
To his heart no children shall be granted,
And from him shall misery be oozing
Till his name and race die out and perish.'
Therefore never will I be unfaithful
To thy lord and mine, oh noble lady."

To the upper rooms mounts Váyistina
And awakens there his sleeping master:

Već ušeta u čardake gornje
Pa probudi gospodara svoga :
" Ustanite, dragi gospodaru,
Jeste nama putovati vreme."
Usta Steva na noge junačke,
I umiva svoje lice belo,
I oblači gospodsko odelo,
Pa pripasa sabliju okovanu,
Pa uzima kondir vina rujna,
Ta napija krasnu slavu Božju,
Sretna puta i krsta časnoga,
U svom dvoru za stolom svojijem—
Vojvodi je to i pre i posle.

Pa išeta pred gospodske dvore,
Usedoše dva konja viteza,
Razaviše krstate barjake,
Udariše bubnji i svirale,
Digoše se Bogom putovati.

Bela ih je zora zabelila
Na Kosovu, krasnom polju ravnom.
Susrete i Kosovka devojka :
U ruku joj dva kondira zlatna,
Oba zlatna, al obadva prazna,
Pod pazuhom klobuk svile bele,
Za klobukom bela kita perja,
U dnu perje srebrom zaliveno,
A po sredi zlatom prepleteno.
I po vrhu biserom kićeno ;
Al besedi Musiću Stevane :
" Božja pomoć, moja seko draga,

" Waken now and rise, belovéd master,
For the hour has come when we must journey."
To his feet then springs the hero Stefan,
Washes his white face with cooling water,
Dons a lordly dress, and girds around him
His good sword, with jewels thick encrustéd.
In his hands he takes a brimming goblet,
And he drinks to God's great fame and glory,
To the Cross's honour and his journey.
In the castle court behind the stables
Thus drank Musitch Stefan, the voyvoda,
As befits a knight of noble valour.

Then they went before the lordly castle
And they mounted their two noble horses,
Lifted up the cross-emblazon'd standards,
And while drums and pipes were sounding loudly
In the name of God began their journey.

When the dawn has risen white upon them
On the wide and level plain, Kossovo,
They encounter there a slender maiden,
In her hands two shining golden goblets,
Both of gold, but both of them are empty ;
'Neath her arm a white silk cap she carries,
On the cap is fixed a bunch of feathers
Held together by a silver buckle,
And with gold and pearls thick interwoven.
To the maiden thus speaks Musitch Stefan :
" May God ever help thee, little sister,
Where hast thou been on the field of battle ?
Whither wilt thou take the white silk kalpak ?

Gde si, dušo, na ograšju bila ?
Odkuda ti klobuk svile bele ?
Daj mi, seko, klobuk svile bele,
Da ga poznam, koga je vojvode ;
A tako mi sretna puta moga,
Nevere ti učiniti neću ! "

Al besedi Kosovka devojka :
" Zdravo da si, kneževa vojvodo !
Nisam nigde na ograšju bila,
Rano me je probudila majka,
Mi ranimo te vodu grabimo ;
Kad ja dodjoh na vodu Sitnicu,
Al Sitnica mutna i povodna,
Nosi, brate, konje i junake,
Turske kape i bijele čalme,
Krasne srpske bijele klobuike ;
Ovaj klobuk blizu kraja beše,
Ja zagazih u vodu Sitnicu,
I uhvatih klobuk svile bele ;
Brata imam od mene mladjega,
Nosim klobuk bratu rodjenome,
Ja sam mlada, milo mi je perje."

Klobuk dade kneževoj vojvodi.
Čim ga vide Musiću Stevane,
Čim ga vide, tim ga i poznade ;
Prosu suze niz gospodsko lice,
Udari se po kolenu rukom,
Čisti skerlet na kolenu puče,
Zlatna kopča na desnom rukavu :
" Teško meni i do Boga moga !

Give to me the silken kalpak, sister,
That I see which warrior has worn it.
Give it to me and I swear upon it
By my journey's luck I will not harm thee."

And replied the maiden of Kossovo:
" Health and luck be thine, oh great voyvoda!
I have not been on the field of battle,
But my mother woke me very early—
We rise early and we fetch our water;
When I reached the river of Sitnitsa
Lo, it was in flood, its waters turbid,
And it bore upon it steeds and heroes,
Turkish caps and many white silk kalpaks,
Splendid silken Serbian caps it carried.
Near the end was floating this white kalpak.
In Sitnitsa's waters then I waded
And I caught and held this white silk kalpak,
For at home I have a younger brother
And I take it to him for his birthday,
I am young, and these white feathers please me."

Then she gives the cap to the voyvoda;
Musitch Stefan takes it, and beholding,
Knows who was the hero that has worn it . . . .
Down his white face are the tears fast falling,
On his knee he strikes his hand in anguish
Till the gold link of his sleeve is broken
And all torn his silken hose of scarlet:—
" Woe is me! Now help me God Almighty,
For my prince's curse is come upon me!"
He returns the kalpak to the maiden

Na meni je ostanula kletva,
Od mojega čestitoga kneza."
Klobuk dade Kosovki devojki,
Pa se maši u djepove rukom,
Te joj dade tri dukata žuta:
" Naj ti, seko, Kosovka devojko,
A ja idem na boj na Kosovo,
U presveto ime Isusovo,—
Ako Bog da te se natrag vratim,
Lepšim ću te darivati darom;
Akol! seko, ja pogiboh amo,
Pomeni me po peškešu mome."
Udariše konje mamuzama
Pa Sitnicu vodu prébrodiše,
Udariše u carevi tabor.

Kako dodje Musiću Stevane,
Tri je paše bio i ubio;
Kad započe biti četvrtoga,
Tu pogibe Musiću Stevane
I sa njime Vaistina sluga,
I vojske mu dvanaest hiljada.

I tu nam je i knez poginuo.
Tu su Srblji izgubili carstvo
Čestitoga cara zemaljskoga.

And he puts his hand into his pocket,
And he gives to her three yellow ducats :
" Take these yellow ducats, little maiden,
Now I go to battle, to Kossovo,
I will fight there in the name of Jesus.
If God will that I should come back safely,
With a better gift I'll then present thee.
But, dear sister, if I there should perish,
By this gift now keep me in remembrance."

Then they drive their spurs into the horses,
Wade across the waters of Sitnitsa,
Spurring, reach the prince's place of meeting.
And when Musitch Stefan has arrived there
Lo, he smites and slays three Turkish pashas ;
As he with the fourth began to struggle
Then the hero Musitch Stefan perished,
And with him his servant Váyistina,
And with him twelve thousand mighty warriors.

And there has our noble monarch perished ;
There the Serbians lost their ancient empire,
And the Tsar Lazar his earthly kingdom.

## CARICA MILICA I VLADETA VOJVODA

Pošetala carica Milica
Ispred grada bijela Kruševca,
S njome šeću dvije mile kćeri:
Vukosava i lijepa Mara:
K njima jezdi Vladeta vojvoda
Na doratu, na konju dobrome;
Vladeta je konja oznojio,
I u b'jelu pjenu obukao.
Pita njega carica Milica:
" Oj Boga ti, kneževa vojvodo,
Što si tako konja oznojio?
Ne ideš li sa polja Kosova?
Ne vidje li čestitoga kneza,
Gospodara i moga i tvoga? "
Al besjedi Vladeta vojvoda:
" Oj, Boga mi, carice Milice,
Ta ja idem sa polja Kosova,
Al ne vidjeh čestitoga kneza,
Već ja vidjeh kneževa zelenka—
Teraju ga po Kosovu Turci;
A knez mislim da je poginuo."

Kad to začu carica Milica,
Proli suze niz bijelo lice,
Pak još pita Vladetu vojvodu,

## TSARITSA MILITSA AND THE VOYVODA VLADETA

Tsaritsa militsa went a-walking
Near the great white fortress of Krushévatz,
With Militsa were her two dear daughters
Vukosava and the lovely Mara.

To them comes Vladeta the Voyvoda
Riding on his bay, his faithful charger;
He has ridden him so hard and furious
That the white foam from his flanks is dropping.
Says to him the Tsaritsa Militsa:
"God be with thee, oh thou princely warrior,
Tell me wherefore is thy steed thus foaming?
Dost thou come now from the plain, Kossovo?
Hast thou there beheld our noble monarch
My dear lord and thine, oh princely warrior?"

Answered her Vladeta the voyvoda:
"God be with thee, Tsaritsa Militsa,
I have ridden from the plain, Kossovo,
But did not behold our noble monarch.
I have only seen afar his charger
Which the Turks chased on the field of battle,
So I think our noble prince has perished."

As the Tsaritsa Militsa listened
Down her white face were the tears fast falling,

" Još mi kaži, kneževa vojvodo !
Kad si bio na Kosovu ravnu,
Ne vidje li devet Jugovića,
I desetog starog Jug-Bogdana ? "
Al besjedi Vladeta vojvoda :
" Ta ja prodjoh kroz Kosovo ravno,
I ja vidjeh devet Jugovića,
I desetog starog Jug-Bogdana.
Oni bjehu u polja Kosova,
Krvave im ruke do ramena,
I zeleni mači do balčaka,—
Ali su im malaksale ruke
Sijekući po Kosovu Turke."

Još mu reče carica Milica :
" Stan' počekaj, kneževa vojvoda,
Ne vidje li još dva zeta moja,—
Brankovića, Miloš Obilića ? "

Al besjedi Vladeta vojvoda :
" Ta ja prodjoh kroz Kosovo ravno
I ja vidjeh Miloš Obilića :
On stajaše u polju Kosovu,
Na bojno se koplje naslonio,
Bojno mu se koplje prelomilo,
Pak na njega Turci navališe,
Do sad mislim da je poginuo :
Al ne vidjeh Vuka Brankovića,
Ne vidjeh ga, ne vid'lo ga sunce !
On izdade čestitoga kneza,
Gospodara i moga i tvoga."

And she asked Vladeta the voyvoda :
" Tell me truly, oh thou princely warrior,
When thou wert upon the field Kossovo,
Hast thou seen nine Jugovitch, my brothers,
And the tenth, the Jug Bogdan, my father ? "

Answered her Vladeta the Voyvoda :
" As I galloped o'er the field of battle
I have seen nine Jugovitch, thy brothers,
And the tenth, the Jug Bogdan, thy father.
Midway on Kossovo they were fighting,
Bloody were their arms up to the shoulders
And up to the hilts their long green sabres,
But their arms sank weakened with much fighting
As they cut the Turks down on Kossovo."

Once more spoke the Tsaritsa Militsa :
" Wait awhile with me, oh princely warrior !
Hast thou seen the husbands of my daughters,
Hast thou seen Vuk Brankovitch and Milosh ? "

Answered her Vladeta the Voyvoda :
" As I galloped o'er the field of battle
I saw Milosh Obilitch, the hero.
He was standing on the plain, Kossovo,
And upon his battle-lance was leaning,
But alas, the battle-lance was broken
And the Turks were pressing hard upon him,
So I think that he has surely perished.
Brankovitch I did not see, O mistress,
Did not see him—may the sun not see him !
He betrayed the prince upon Kossovo,
He betrayed thy lord and mine, dear lady."

## KOSOVKA DEVOJKA

Uranila Kosovka devojka,
Uranila rano u nedelju,
U nedelju prije jarka sunca,
Zasukala bijele rukave,
Zasukala do belih lakata,
Na plećima nosi hleba bela,
U rukama dva kondira zlatna,
U jednome ladjane vodice,
U drugome rumenoga vina ;
Ona ide na Kosovo ravno,
Pa se šeće po razboju mlada,
Po razboju čestitoga kneza,
Te prevrće po krvi junake ;
Kog junaka u životu nadje,
Umiva ga ladjanom vodicom,
Pričešćuje vinom crvenijem
I zalaže hlebom bijelijem.

Namera je namerila bila
Na junaka Orlovića Pavla,
Na kneževa mlada barjaktara,
I njega je našla u životu ;
Desna mu je ruka osečena
I lijeva noga do kolena,
Vita su mu rebra izlomljena,

## THE MAIDEN OF KOSSOVO

Early rose the maiden of Kossovo,
Early rose she on a Sunday morning,
Rose before the brilliant sun had risen.
She has rolled the white sleeves of her robe back,
Rolled them back up to her soft white elbows;
On her shoulders, fair white bread she carries,
In her hands two shining golden goblets,
In one goblet she has poured fresh water,
And has poured good red wine in the other.
Then she seeks the wide plain of Kossovo,
Seeks the noble Prince's place of meeting,
Wanders there amongst the bleeding heroes.
When she finds one living midst the wounded
Then she laves him with the cooling water,
Gives him, sacramentally, the red wine,
Pledges with her fair white bread the hero.

Fate at last has led her wand'ring footsteps
Unto Pavle Orlovitch, the hero,
Who has borne the Prince's battle-standard.
From his gaping wounds the blood is streaming,
His right hand and his left foot are severed—
And the hero's ribs are crushed and broken,
But he lingers still amongst the living.
From the pools of blood she drags his body

Vide mu se djigerice bele ;
Izmiče ga iz te mnoge krvce,
Umiva ga ladjanom vodicom,
Pričešćuje vinom crvenijem
Izalaže hlebom bijelijem.

Kad junaku srce zaigralo,
Progovara Orloviću Pavle :
" Sestro draga, Kosovko devojko,
Koja ti je golema nevolja,
Te prevrćeš po krvi junake ?
Koga tražiš po razboju mlada ?
Ili brata ili bratučeda
Al po grehu stara roditelja ? "

Progovara Kosovka devojka :
" Dragi brato, delijo neznana !
Ja od roda nikoga ne tražim—
Niti brata niti bratučeda,
Ni po grehu stara roditelja ;
Mož' li znati, delijo neznana
Kad knez Laza pričešćiva vojsku,
Kod prekrasne Samodreže crkve,
Tri nedelje tridest kaludjera ?
Sva se srpska pričestila vojska,
Najposlije tri vojvode vojne :
Jedno jeste Milošu vojvoda,
A drugo je Kosančić Ivane,
A treće je Toplica Milane ;
Ja se onda desih na vratima,
Kad se šeta vojvoda Milošu,—
Krasan junak na ovome svetu ;

And she laves him with the cooling water,
Red wine, sacramentally, she gives him,
Pledges then with fair white bread the hero.

When at length his heart revives within him,
Thus speaks Pavle Orlovitch, the hero :
" Oh dear sister, Maiden of Kossovo,
What great need compels thee here to wander,
Thou, so young, amongst the wounded heroes ?
What dost thou upon the field of battle ?
Dost thou seek a brother's son, or brother,
Dost thou seek perchance an aged father ? "
Answered him the Maiden of Kossovo :
" Oh dear brother ! Oh thou unknown warrior !
None of my own race am I now seeking,
Not a brother's son nor yet a brother,
Neither do I seek an agéd father.
Wast thou present, oh thou unknown warrior,
When for three whole weeks to all his army
Prince Lazar the Sacrament was giving
By the hands of thirty holy fathers,
In the splendid church of Samodreha ?
When Lazar and all the Serbian army
There the Holy Sacrament have taken,
Three Voyvodas last of all did enter :
First of them was Milosh, the great warrior,
Ivan Kossanchich was close behind him,
And the third, Toplitza Milan, followed.

" I by chance stood then within the doorway
When there passed young Milosh, the great warrior,
In the whole world no more splendid hero ;

Sablja mu se po kaldrmi vuče,
Svilen kalpak, okovano perje,
Na junaku kolasta azdija,
Oko vrata svilena marama ;
Obazre se i pogleda na me,
S' sebe skide kolastu azdiju,
S' sebe skide, pa je meni dade :
' Na, devojko, kolastu azdiju,
Po čemu ćeš mene spomenuti,
Po azdiji po imenu mome :
Evo t' idem poginuti, dušo,
U taboru čestitoga kneza ;
Moli Boga, draga dušo moja,
Da ti s' zdravo iz tabora vratim,
A i tebe dobra sreća nadje,—
Uzeću te za Milana moga,
Za Milana Bogom pobratima,
Koj' je mene Bogom pobratio,
Višnjim Bogom i svetim Jovanom,
Ja ću tebi kum venčani biti.'

Za njim ide Kosančić Ivane,
Krasan junak na ovome svetu,
Sablja mu se po kaldrmi vuče,
Svilen kalpak, okovano perje ;
Na junaku kolasta azdija,
Oko vrata svilena marama,
Na ruci mu burma pozlaćena ;
Obazre se i pogleda na me,
S ruke skide burmu pozlaćenu,
S ruke skide, pa je meni dade :
' Na, devojko, burmu pozlaćenu,

On the ground his clanking sabre trailing,
Silken cap with proudly waving feathers,
Many-coloured mantle on his shoulders
And around his neck a silken kerchief.
Then he gazes round and looks upon me,
He takes off his many-coloured mantle,
Takes it off, and gives it to me, saying :—
'Here, oh Maiden, is my coloured mantle,
By it thou wilt keep me in remembrance,
By this mantle shall my name live with thee.
Now, dear Maid, must I go forth to perish
There where camps the noble Prince's army ;
Pray to God for me, dear Maid, my sister,
That I may come back again in safety.
And that all good fortune may attend thee
I will marry thee to my friend Milan,
Him whom God has given me as brother,
My friend Milan who is my sworn brother.
In God's name and good Saint John's, I promise
I will be a groomsman at thy wedding.'

" Ivan Kossanchich was close behind him,
In the whole world no more splendid hero ;
On the ground his clanking sabre trailing,
Silken cap with proudly waving feathers,
Many-coloured mantle on his shoulders
And around his neck a silken kerchief,
On his hand a golden ring is shining.
Then he gazes round and looks upon me,
Takes the golden ring from off his finger,
Takes it off and gives it to me, saying :—
'Here hast thou my ring of gold, oh Maiden,

Po čemu ćeš mene spomenuti,
A po burmi, po imenu mome :
Evo t' idem poginuti, dušo,
U taboru čestitoga kneza ;
Moli Boga, moja dušo draga,
Da ti s' zdravo iz tabora vratim.
A i tebe dobra sreća nadje,—
Uzeću te za Milana moga,
Za Milana Bogom probratima,
Koj' je mene Bogom pobratio,
Višnjim Bogom i svetim Jovanom ;
Ja ću tebi ručni dever biti.'

Za njim ide Toplica Milane,
Krasan junak na ovome svetu ;
Sablja mu se po kaldrmi vuče,
Svilen kalpak, okovano perje,
Na junaku kolasta azdija,
Oko vrata svilena marama,
Na ruci mu koprena od zlata ;
Obazre se i pogleda na me,
S ruke skide koprenu od zlata,
S ruke skide, pa je meni dade :
' Na, devojko, koprenu od zlata,
Po čemu ćeš mene spomenuti,
Po kopreni po imenu mome :
Evo t' idem poginuti, dušo,
U taboru čestitoga kneza ;
Moli Boga, moja dušo draga,
Da ti s' zdravo iz tabora vratim,
Tebe, dušo, dobra sreća nadje,
Uzeću te za vernu ljubovcu.'

By it thou wilt have me in remembrance,
By this gold ring shall my name live with thee.
Now, dear maid, must I go forth to perish
There where camps the noble Prince's army;
Pray to God for me, dear Maid, my sister,
That I may come back again in safety.
And that all good fortune may attend thee
I will marry thee to my friend Milan,
Him whom God has given me as brother,
My friend Milan who is my sworn brother.
In God's name and good Saint John's, I promise
I myself will give thee to the bridegroom.'

" Then Toplitza Milan follows after,
In the whole world no more splendid hero;
On the ground his clanking sabre trailing,
Silken cap with proudly waving feathers,
Many-coloured mantle on his shoulders
And around his neck a silken kerchief,
On his hand a golden ring is shining
And upon his arm a golden bracelet.
Then he gazes round and looks upon me,
From his arm he takes the golden bracelet,
Takes it off and gives it to me, saying:—
'Here, oh Maiden, is my golden bracelet,
By it thou wilt have me in remembrance.
Now, dear Maid, must I go forth to perish
There where camps our noble Prince's army;
Pray to God for me, dear soul, my darling,
That I may come back again in safety;
Then, dear Maid, that good luck may attend thee,
I will take thee for my true belovéd.'

I odoše tri vojvode bojne,
Njih ja danas po razboju tražim."

Al besedi Orloviću Pavle :
" Sestro draga, Kosovko devojko !
Vidiš, dušo, ona koplja bojna
Ponajviša a i ponajgušća ?
Onde j' pala krvca od junaka
Ta dobrome konju do stremena,
Do stremena i do uzendjije,
A junaku do svilena pasa,—
Onde su ti sva tri poginula ;
Već ti idi dvoru bijelome,
Ne krvavi skuta i rukava."

Kad devojka saslušala reči,
Proli suze niz bijelo lice,
Ona ode svom bijelom dvoru
Kukajući iz bijela grla :
" Jao, jadna ! hude ti sam sreće !
Da se, jadna, za zelen bor hvatim,
I on bi se zelen osušio ! "

" And then went away these mighty leaders,
And to-day I seek them here, oh brother,
Seek them here, upon the field of battle ! "

Pavle Orlovitch then makes her answer :
" Oh dear sister, Maiden of Kossovo,
Dost thou see, dear soul, those battle-lances
Where they lie most thickly piled together ?
There has flowed the life-blood of the heroes ;
To the stirrups of the faithful horses,
To the stirrups and the girths it mounted,
Mounted to the heroes' silken girdles,
And the three have fallen there together.
Now return thee to thy fair white castle
Lest thy skirts and sleeves with blood be spattered."

To the hero's words the maiden listens,
Down her white face are the fast tears falling ;
She returns then to her fair white castle.
From her white throat pour her lamentations :
" Woe is me, what fate I bear within me,
I but touch the young and tender sapling
And the fair green pine must surely wither."

## SMRT MAJKE JUGOVIĆA

Mili Bože, čuda velikoga !

Kad se sleže na Kosovo vojska,
U toj vojsci devet Jugovića,
I deseti star-Juže Bogdane,
Boga moli Jugovića Majka,
Da joj Bog da oči sokolove
I bijela krila labudova,
Da odleti nad Kosovo ravno,
I da vidi devet Jugovića
I desetog star-Juga Bogdana.

Što molila, Boga domolila :
Bog joj dao oči sokolove
I bijela krila labudova,
Ona leti na Kosovo ravno.
Mrtvih nadje devet Jugovića
I desetog star—Juga Bogdana,
I više njih devet bojnih koplja,
Na kopljima devet sokolova,
Oko koplja devet dobrih konja,
A pored njih devet ljutih lava.
Tad' zavrišta devet dobrih konja,

## THE DEATH OF THE MOTHER OF THE JUGOVITCH

LORD of Hosts, how passing great the marvel!

When the army camps upon Kossovo
In its ranks the Jugovitch—nine brothers,
And the tenth, the Jug Bogdan, their father.
Unto God then prays the agéd mother:
"Give me, God, the keen eyes of a falcon,
Give to me, oh God, the swan's white pinions;
I would seek the wide plain of Kossovo,
I would see the Jugovitch—nine brothers,
And the tenth, the Jug Bogdan, their father."

Thus she prays to God—her prayer is granted.
God gives her the keen eyes of the falcon
And He gives to her the swan's white pinions,
And she seeks the wide plain of Kossovo.
Dead she finds the Jugovitch—nine brothers
And the tenth, the Jug Bogdan, their father.
At their sides nine battle-spears are lying,
On the spears are perched nine keen-eyed falcons,
Round the spears stand nine good battle-horses,
And nine lions lie beside their masters.
And there roar their grief the nine grim lions,
And there mourn the nine good battle-horses,

I zalaja devet ljutih lava,
A zaklikta devet sokolova :
I tu majka tvrda srca bila,
Da od srca suze ne pustila ;
Već uzima devet dobrih konja,
I uzima devet ljutih lava,
I uzima devet sokolova,
Pak se vrati dvoru bijelome.

Daleko je snahe ugledale,
Malo bliže pred nju išetale :
Zakukalo devet udovica,
Zaplakalo devet sirotica,
Zavrištalo devet dobrih konja,
Zalajalo devet ljutih lava,
Zakliktalo devet sokolova ;
I tu majka tvrda srca bila,
Da od srca suze ne pustila.

Kad je bilo noći u ponoći,
Al zavrišta Damjanov zelenko ;
Pita majka Damjanove ljube :
" Snaho moja, ljubo Damjanova,
Što nam vrišti Damjanov zelenko ?
Al' je gladan šenice bjelice,
Ali žedan vode sa Zvečana ? "
Progovara ljuba Damjanova :
" Svekrvice, majko Damjanova,
Nit' je gladan šenice bjelice,
Niti žedan vode sa Zvečana,
Već je njega Damjan naučio

And nine keen-eyed falcons scream in sorrow.
But the mother's heart is hard within her,
Hard the mother's heart, and dry her eyelids.
And she leads away the nine good horses,
Leads away with them the nine grim lions,
Calls to follow her nine keen-eyed falcons—
Thus returns she to her fair white castle.

From afar her sons' nine wives beheld her,
As she nearer came they walked to meet her—
Cried aloud to God the nine fair widows,
And there wept with them the nine young orphans,
And there mourned the nine good battle-horses,
And there roared their grief the nine grim lions,
And nine keen-eyed falcons screamed in sorrow.
But the mother's heart is hard within her,
Hard the mother's heart, and dry her eyelids.

When the night is at the hour of midnight
Whinnies low the battle-horse of Damian,
And the mother asks of Damian's loved one:
"Oh my daughter, thou belov'd of Damian
Wherefore whinnies Damian's horse thus sadly?
Doth he hunger for the silver wheat-fields?
Doth he thirst for Zvechan's cooling waters?"
Slowly answers her then Damian's loved one:
"Oh my mother, mother thou of Damian,
Not for silver wheat-fields is he hungry,
Not for Zvechan's waters is he thirsty;
Long since learnt he from his master Damian
Until midnight on fine oats to feast him,
After midnight many roads to travel;

Do ponoći sitnu zob zobati,
Od ponoći na drum pustovati ;
Pak on žali svoga gospodara
Što ga nije na sebi donio."
I tu majka tvrda srca bila,
Da od srca suze ne pustila.

Kad u jutru danak osvanuo,
Ali lete dva vrana gavrana,
Krvava im krila do ramena,
Na kljunove b' jela pjena trgla ;
Oni nose ruku od junaka
I na ruci burma pozlaćena,
Bacaju je u krioce majci.
Uze ruku Jugovića majka,
Okretala, prevrtala s njome,
Pa dozivlje ljubu Damjanovu :
" Snaho moja, ljubo Damjanova,
Bi l' poznala čija j' ovo ruka ? "
Progovara ljuba Damjanova :
" Svekrvice, majko Damjanova,
Ovo j' ruka našega Damjana,
Jera burmu ja poznajem, majko,
Burma sa mnom na vjenčanju bila."
Uze majka ruku Damjanovu,
Okretala, prevrtala s njome,
Pak je ruci tiho besjedila :
" Moja ruko, zelena jabuko,
Gdje si rasla, gdje l' si ustrgnuta !
A rasla si na kriocu mome,
Ustrgnuta na Kosovu ravnom ! "

Therefore now laments he for his master
Sorrows that he left his lord behind him
There upon the wide plain of Kossovo."
But the mother's heart is hard within her,
Hard the mother's heart, and dry her eyelids.

On the morrow as the dawn is breaking,
Lo, there fly two ravens, two black ravens;
Bloody are their wings up to the shoulders,
From their beaks the blood-flecked foam is falling.
'Tis a hero's severed hand they carry,
On the hand a golden ring is shining.

See, they drop it in the mother's bosom,
From her bosom then the mother takes it,
Turns and turns it slowly as she gazes.
Then again she calls to Damian's loved one:
" Oh my daughter, thou belov'd of Damian,
Tell me, whose this hand that I am holding!"
To the mother answers Damian's loved one:
" Oh my mother, mother thou of Damian,
'Tis our Damian's hand that thou art holding,
For I know the golden ring, oh mother,
This gold ring I gave him at our marriage."
And the mother holds the hand of Damian,
Turns and turns it slowly as she gazes;
To the hero's hand the mother whispers:
" Thou dear hand, oh thou my fair green apple,
Where didst blossom? Where has fate now plucked
thee?
Woe is me! thou blossomed on my bosom,
Thou wast plucked, alas, upon Kossovo!"

Nadula se Jugovića majka,
Nadula se, pa se i raspade,
Za svojijeh devet Jugovića,
I desetim star-Jugom Bogdanom.

And the mother's heart swelled big with anguish,
Swelled the mother's heart, and broke with sorrow
For her dead, the Jugovitch—nine brothers
And the tenth, the Jug Bogdan, their father.

## OBRETENIJE GLAVE KNEZ LAZARA

Kad Lazaru odsekoše glavu
Na ubavu na polju Kosovu,
Od Srblja se niko ne desio,
Već se desi jedno Ture mlado,—
Jeste Ture, al je od robinje,
Rodila ga Srpkinja robinja ;
Pa besedi tursko momče mlado :
" Ao, Turci, moja braćo draga,
Ovo j' glava jednog gospodara,
Grehota je od Boga jednoga,
Da je kljuju orli i gavrani,
Da je gaze konji i junaci."
Uze glavu svetoga Lazara,
Zavi u skut kolaste azdije
Pa je nosi do vode kladenca,
Spusti glavu u vodu kladenac.
Stajala je glava u kladencu
Lepo vreme četrdeset leta,
A ubavo na Kosovu telo,—
Ni ga jedu orli ni gavrani,
Ni ga gaze konji ni junaci.

Mili Bože, na svem' tebi kvala !
Podigle se kiridjije mlade

## THE MIRACLE OF TSAR LAZAR

When the Tsar Lazar has been beheaded
On the fair and pleasant field Kossovo,
Not a Serbian warrior beheld it,
But a Turkish boy, a slave, was present,
Born a slave, but of a Serbian mother;
And he speaks thus to the Turkish warriors:
"Woe to me, oh Turks, oh my dear brothers,
For this is the head of a great noble,
And it were a sin 'gainst God Almighty
If the eagles and the ravens pecked it,
If upon it men and horses trampled." . . .
Takes the head then of Lazar the holy
Wraps it in his many-coloured mantle,
Bears it to the waters of a fountain.
There it lay for forty lovely summers,
While the body lay upon Kossovo,
Pecked not by the eagles and the ravens,
Trampled not by horses or by heroes.

Now dear God, all thanks to Thee be given!
On a day there came some youthful teamsters
From the white and pleasant town of Skoplje,
In their waggons they bear Greeks and Bulgars,

Od ubava Skopjla bela grada,
Oni voze Grke i Bugare,
Oni idu Nišu i Vidinu,
Na Kosovu konak učinili.
Večerale kiridjije mlade,
Večerale, pak su ožednile ;
Izmedj' sebe venjer užegoše,
Užegoše venjer jasnu sveću,
Oni traže vode po Kosovu ;

Namera ih namerila bila,
Namerila na vodu kladenca,
Jedan veli kiridjija mladi :
" Ev' u vodi mesečine sjajne."
Drugi veli kiridjija mladi :
" Nije, braćo, mesečina sjajna."
Treći muči, ništa ne besedi,
Okrenu se pravo ka istoku,
Pa pomenu Boga istinoga,
Ist' nog Boga i svetog Nikolu :
" Pomoz' Bože, i oče Nikola ! "
Pa zagazi u vodu kladenca,
Te izvadi iz kladenca glavu,
Svetitelja srpskoga Lazara,
Pa je meće na zelenu travu,
I zahiti vode u kondiru.

Dok se žedni vodom obrediše,
Kad su crnoj zemlji pogledali,
Nesta glave sa zelene trave,
Ode glava preko polja sama,
Sveta glava do svetoga tela,
Pripoji se kako što j' i bila.

They will bring them unto Nish and Vidni,
And they spend the night upon Kossovo.
There together sup the youthful teamsters
And when they have supped they all grow thirsty.
Then amongst themselves they light a lantern,
Light a lantern with its shining candle,
And they seek for water on Kossovo.

By a hazard, chance has led their footsteps
Led their footsteps to the chilly fountain,
And thus speaks one of the youthful teamsters:
"See the moonlight shining in the water."
Speaks the second of the youthful teamsters:
"It is not the moonlight shining, brothers."
But the third is silent, no word says he,
And towards the east he turns him straightly
And the one true God he loudly praises,
Praises God and Nicholas the Holy:
"Help me God, and Nicholas be witness!"
Then he wades into the chilly fountain
And he takes the head from out the waters,
Takes the head of Tsar Lazar the holy.
Then he places it upon the green grass,
And he fetches water in a goblet,
And the three young teamsters drink together.

When they looked again upon the black earth
Lo, the head was not upon the green grass,
But it moved alone upon Kossovo,

Kad ujutru beo dan osvanu,
Glas dadoše kiridjije mlade,
Glas dadoše starim sveštenikom.
I to dodje mnogo sveštenika,
Tri stotine starih sveštenika,
I dvanaest velikih vladika,
I četiri stara patrijara :
Prvo Pećki, drugo Carigradski,
Vasiljenski i Jerusalimski ;
Oblačiše velike odežde,
I na glave kape kamilavke,
I u ruke knjige starostavne,
Pa čatiše velike molitve,
I držaše velika denija
Za tri dana i tri noći tavne
Ni sedoše, ni se odmoriše,
Ni legoše, ni sanka imaše
Mole sveca, kud će svetac poći,
Da kojoj će Laza zadužbini :
Il' Opovu, ili Krušedolu,
Il' će Jasku, ili Bešenovoj,
Il' Rakovcu, ili Sišatovcu,
Il' će Djivši ili Kuveždinu,
Da ili će u Maćedoniju.

Neće svetac zadužbini tudjoj,
Već on hoće svojoj zadužbini,
A u svoju krasnu Ravanicu
Pod visokom pod Kučaj-planinom,
Što je Laza sagradio crkvu

Holy head towards most holy body,
And the two were once more joined together.

When the white day dawned upon the morrow,
Then the youthful teamsters brought the tidings,
Brought the tidings to the holy fathers.
And there came three hundred holy fathers,
And with them there came twelve pious bishops,
And four patriarchs came with the bishops
From Jerusalem the holy city,
And from Petch, and from Constantinople.
They put on their sacerdotal vestments,
They put on their vestments, and their head-dress,
In their hands the Ancient Books they carried,
Solemn prayers upon the plain they chanted,
And they kept unceasing holy vigil—
Three dark nights and three days, kept their vigil.
Never sitting down and never resting,
Never lying down and never sleeping,
Questioned they the Tsar Lazar, the holy,
Unto which foundation they should bear him;
Unto Krushedol or to Apóvo,
Unto Jaska or to Beshenova,
Unto Rakovatz or Shishatovatz,
Unto Kuveždin or unto Djivsha,
Or if he would go to Macedonia:
But to neither would the saint be carried——
He preferred to all his own foundation,
He preferred his splendid Ravanitza
At the foot of the high mountain Kuchaj;
For Lazar built there to God a temple

Za života jošte za svojega,
Sagradio sebi zadužbinu
A svom hlebu i o svome blagu,
A bez suza bez sirotinjskijeh.

While he lived and ruled amongst his people,
Built a church for his own soul's salvation,
Built with his own bread and his own treasure,
Not with tears of widows and of orphans.

PRINTED BY
HAZELL, WATSON AND VINEY, LD.,
LONDON AND AYLESBURY.

KU-995-211